

THE
Muses Mercury:
OR,
Monthly Miscellany.

Consisting of
Poems, Prologues, Songs, Sonnets, Translations,
and other Curious Pieces, Never before Printed.

By the Best and most Celebrated Hands.

To which is added,
An Account of the *STAGE*, of the New *OPERAS* and
PLAYS that have been Acted, or are to be Acted this Season;
And of the New Books relating to *Poesy, Criticism, &c.* lately Publish'd.

For the Month of *MAY*.

To be continu'd Monthly.



Ex Quovis Ligno non fit Mercurius.

LONDON, Printed by *J. H.* for **Andrew Bell**, at the *Cross Keys*
and *Bible* in *Cornhill*, near *Stocks-Market*. 1707.
Where are to be sold the foregoing *Mercuries*.

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☞ If any Gentlemen will assist us in our Undertaking, we desire they will direct whatever they send us, in Prose or Verse, to Mrs. Sheffield, at the Temple-Coffee-house in Fleetstreet; or to Mr. Andrew Bell, Bookseller, at the Coss-Keys and Bible in Cornhill.

THE
Muses Mercury :
OR,
Monthly Miscellany.

For the Month of *MAY*.

In Imitation of Gallus, Eleg. 1.

Æmula cur cessas finem properare Senectus.

By a Person of Quality.

Move faster Life, thou tiresom Guest, away,
Why in this ruin'd Cottage woud'st thou stay?
What Wretch, so fond of thee, can bear the Pain
Of Life, when nothing but its Dregs remain?
My feeble Limbs are with the Load oppress'd,
And Death, kind Death alone, can give 'em Rest.
While youthful Blood the well-fill'd Channels fed,
And o'er each Part a sprightly Vigour spread,
O

Wholly

Wholly resign'd to Nature's boundless Sway,
 I follow'd still where Pleasure led the way.
 Roving from Thought to Thought with fresh Delight,
 Love rul'd the Day, and am'rous Dreams the Night.
 With Beauty's various Forms my Breast was fir'd,
 The more I tasted, still the more desir'd.
 The well-shap'd slender Nymph did Passion move,
 By Nature fram'd for active Scenes of Love.
 If Plump, she charm'd me with a comely Face,
 And fleshy Plumpness fill'd our soft Embrace.
 Majestick Stature with a nervous Strength,
 (A full proportion'd Beauty drawn at length)
 Strook me with awful Love, who cou'd withstand
 The Dart shot from an Amazonian Hand?
 The dancing Fairy did all Life appear,
 And pleas'd the Lover with her lively Air.
 Sometimes my Muse sung fair Dorinda's Praise
 In Smiles she listen'd to the tuneful Lays.
 Sometimes by sprightly Airs to Love betray'd,
 With Antick Rounds I warm'd the yielding Maid.
 When brisk Champaign reliev'd the Lover's Care,
 (Each Goblet sacred to the absent Fair)
 With double Joy I bore the double Load,
 The wanton Goddess and the reeling God.

In Pleasure thus my youthful Hours were past,
 For Love's the greatest Pleasure and the last.
 Guarded by inward Heat, my Breast lay bare
 To Winter-Storms, nor felt the Northern Air.
 On Isis Banks oft have I naked stood,
 And boldly plung'd into her chilly Flood.
 Oft through the Woods I chas'd the frightened Prey,
 Nor sunk beneath the Labour of the Day,
 But pressing forward pierc'd the foaming Boar,
 And smear'd my Jav'lin with his reeking Gore.

Henceforth farewell the Lovers soft'ning Joys,
 The warb'ling Lute, soft Pipe, and mellow Voice,

Fare-

Farewell, tho' Musick be the Food of Love,
 No tuneful Numbers can my Passion move.
 The sparkling Juices, tho' by Beauty crown'd,
 Are hurtful grown, and must no more go round
 Nor artful Measures beat the burthen'd Ground.
 The savage Game no more Delight can yield;
 Farewell the manly Pleasures of the Field.

}

Now by enervate Age I'm overcome,
 That universal Conqueror, from whom
 The first-form'd Matter must receive its Doom.
 With trembling Steps, and foggy Puffs of Breath,
 My weary Limbs crawl to the Verge of Death.
 The Thoughts of Pleasure past torment my Breast,
 For 'tis a dismal Thought to have been blest.
 O wretched State! in ling'ring Pain I lie
 Robb'd of Life's Use, yet not allow'd to die.
 The Unhappy wish for Death, but wish in vain,
 Death flies their Courtship with a coy Disdain,
 While to the youthful and the happy Breast,
 He is too oft a bold unwelcome Guest.
 Transform'd from what I was, how am I grown,
 A frightful Spectre, to myself unknown?
 My Face to livid Shades its Air resigns;
 And deep-plough'd Furrows hide the featur'd Lines.
 The Nerves unbrac'd, and fleshy Cloathing gone,
 A shrivel'd Skin clings to the naked Bone.
 My Eyes, when they beheld the Form (afraid
 To see the dreadful Change which Age had made)
 Shrunk back into their Sockets with the Fright,
 And with a filmy Veil they shroud their Sight.
 Distilling Rheums, the only liquid store,
 Mourn their dead Lustre in a scalding Show'r.
 Tho' bright the Sun, tho' all serene the Skie,
 O'ercast they seem, and clouded to my Eye.
 The Day creeps on with such a gloomy Light,
 I scarce perceive when 'tis reliev'd by Night.

}

The Muses Mercury,

No tuneful Accent forms my feeble Voice,
 'Tis now become a hollow murm'ring Noise,
 The list'ning Ear, on every Word intent,
 Catches the Sound, and guesses what is meant.
 Sour'd with the Thoughts of Pleasure past, I praise
 The good Old Times, and blame the present Days.
 Doating with Age my ever babling Tongue
 Boasts how I liv'd, what Feats I did when young:
 Then strait, forgetting it was told before,
 Again I tell the tedious Story o'er.
 In vain does Age its mighty Wisdom boast,
 'Tis a dear Bargain, and not worth the Cost,
 Purchas'd so late, e'er long enjoy'd 'tis lost.
 And by Experience this sad Truth I know,
 I scarce remember what I did just now.
 Tho' of large Tracts of Land I am possess'd,
 And Baggs of Gold lie crowded in my Chest,
 Amidst this Heap of Riches I am poor,
 Since 'tis to me become a useless Store.
 Like wretched Tantalus within the Flood
 I stand, but cannot taste the Golden Food.
 No more erect, no more the Heavens I see,
 That Attribute of Man is lost to me.
 With down-cast Looks I view my Place of Birth,
 And bow my bended Trunk to Mother Earth.
 The mouldring Clay seeks out its first Abode,
 While a stiff Plant supports the tott'ring Load,
 And with repeated Thumps knocks at the Ground,
 To let the weary Traveller lie down.
 Open thy Bosom, Earth, and in the Womb
 Of Nature let me find a second Tomb.
 To thy cold Breast my colder Limbs receive,
 They're now that very Clod thou once didst give.
 Where e'er I go, when-e'er I walk the Street,
 (With Wonder pointed at by all I meet)

*Some pity the Old Man, while others cry,
There goes the Picture of Mortality.
So tender am I grown, I cannot bear
The gentle Dew, or the soft Southern Air ;
Hence are my Lungs with trickling Rheums oppress'd,
And Ptytick-Coughs ne'er cease to tear my Breast,
Of Ease they rob the Day, the Night of Rest.
Stretch'd on the Rack a tortur'd Wretch I wait
With Joy the last indulgent Blow of Fate.
Happy the Man whose Life without Allay
In a smooth Stream of Pleasure glides away,
And with his Pleasure ends his latest Day.
Mine seems to wait on ev'ry Gasp of Breath,
'Tis better once to die ; Then welcome Death.*

THE foregoing Poem was recommended to us by our good Friend Mr. Tate. 'Tis written by a Person of Honour ; in which the Character of the Original is preserv'd as well as in the Performance. The Sentiments of the Numbers are musical and easy. There's Nature in it : A Quality despis'd by most Modern Writers, and they are in the right ; for 'tis much easier to despise than acquire it.

The Author of the following Poem having forbidden us to take any further notice of it, than to publish it, we shall say only that his Modesty is an Injury to his Merit. And the World will excuse such a Fault in one Poet, since 'tis so seldom that those Gentlemen want to be excus'd on this Account.

To Mrs. *B---g---le*, upon her leaving the
Playhouse.

AT length, O Nymph, forget injurious Rage,
Revive the Town, and raise the sinking Stage ;
Enough is giv'n to Honour and to Spleen ;
Return, and be a Princess, or a Queen.

The Muses Mercury,

Be any thing---You grace your ev'ry Part,
 In you 'tis natural to gain the Heart.
 And still you act in such a moving Strain,
 You make the Audience feel what you but feign.
 Return---your num'rous, firm Admirers show,
 Their Tongues, their Hands, were never false to you.
 When e'er you spoke, if no Applause they paid,
 'Twas all for fear of losing what you said.
 As grateful Intervals with Time supply'd,
 They prais'd with Pleasure, and they clap'd with Pride.
 Let not a Man provoke you to depart,
 Who like a Tyrant rules Apollo's Art :
 Who, blind to your Superior Merit, durst
 Postpone e'en you, and set an ----- first !
 Your Virtue, not her Worth, produc'd this Slight,
 He gave a Day where he might hope a Night.
 Hard ! that for this you hasten to be gone,
 And unoffending Thousands smart for one !
 Think what they were, nor thus from Crowds retire,
 Gods ! how All throng'd, and sweated with Desire,
 Pleas'd to be prest when you requir'd their Sight,
 And made your Benefit their own Delight ;
 Think how again they'd fasten on your View,
 And be for ever thankful, ever true.
 Pity, ah pity the Most Fragrant P----r,
 Come, and at least content his Eye and Ear,
 Those lesser Comforts would restore his Case,
 Your Absence was the Cause of his Disease.
 Think how distressed Oriana wants your Aid,
 B---f---w's a Mard'rer to the charming Maid ;
 Who that's unbrib'd with private Joys can bear
 That squeaking, awkward Shadow of a Play'r ?
 Granville implores, the sweetest Rhiming Bard,
 Well he deserves, his Muse can well reward.
 But above all, think how the Mourning Bride
 To endless Times her weeping Form must hide,

Or

Or dragg'd to Light by some officious Friend,
 Move faint Regard, and only not offend,
 Unless she wears your Ornaments of Woe,
 And from your Eyes her Pearly Sorrows flow;
 Your Congreve begs, with Notes, like Orpheus blest,
 Ev'n Rocks the Thracian's Harmony confest.
 How Otway's ravish'd Shade would smile to hear
 That his Lavinia was your latest Care?
 You added Softness to the softest Strains,
 And made your Marius envy'd 'midst his Pains.
 To future Ages shall this Wonder last,
 That you, just possible! your self surpast.
 If no Perswasions urge you back, we'll guess
 Your Fame already grown to that Excess,
 You seem'd unable to be more compleat,
 And so in full Perfection chose Retreat.
 Thus Saints remove, but with this Diff'rence shown,
 They die to meet, you live to shun Renown.

Of the House of Hastings, Earls of Huntington.

THE Noble Family of the *Hastings*, Earls of *Huntington*, receiv'd an
 inexpressible Loss in the Person of the late Earl; We shall see by the
 Character given to that Lord in the following Epitaph, that their last Glo-
 ry was as Great as their first; and the Example he left his Successor, as
 shining as what his Ancestors transmitted to him. The *Hastings* are said
 to derive their Origine from *Hastings* a Dane, who about the Year 890,
Alfred then King, came with *Rollo* into *England*, and settling at a Place in
Sussex, thence call'd *Hastings*, made good his Ground till he had enrich'd
 himself with the Plunder of the Saxons, both by Sea and Land; after
 which he retir'd to *Normandy*; And what is more certain, his Descen-
 dants return'd to *England* with the Conqueror, who descended from
Rollo, the Founder of the Norman Race. The first of the House of *Hastings*
 that made it eminent here after the Conquest, was *Henry* Lord *Hastings*,
 who marry'd *Ada* a Daughter of *David* Earl of *Huntington*, Brother of
William King of the Scots. *John Hastings*, Grandson of *Henry*, put in his
 Claim to the Crown of Scotland, in right of his Grandmother *Ada*, when
Bruce

Bruce and *Baliol*, who carry'd it, claim'd it in *Edward* the First's Time. This *John* marrying the Heiress of *Amiarc de Valence*, Earl of *Pembroke*, left that Title to *Lawrence Hastings*, the first Earl of *Pembroke* of this Family, who succeeded his Father in all his Honours about the Year 1339. From the *Hastings* of *Pembroke* those of *Huntington* were descended, the first that had this Title being *George* Lord *Hastings*, created Earl of *Huntington* by *Henry VIII.* Anno 1529. After whom there were 7 Earls successively of the same Sirname, the Right Honourable *George* late Earl of *Huntington* being the Eighth, and the present Earl *Theophilus*, a Minor, the Ninth. Tho the Nobility of this House is heighten'd by their Antiquity, and their Alliances with the two Royal Houses of *England* and *Scotland*, as appears by what we have said, and what is hinted in the following Epitaph; yet the late Lord was a Gentleman of such a sublime Character, that he wou'd have made it still more Illustrious, had he not been taken off by Death, before his Virtues had had time to shew themselves in their full Perfection; but the worthy Author has done him so much Justice in this Epitaph, that we should wrong both him and the Memory of his Noble Friend the late Earl, if we shou'd attempt to add to what he has said. This Epitaph is to be inscrib'd on the Lord *Huntington's* Tomb in *St. James's Church, Westminster.*

An EPITAPH on *GEORGE* late Earl of
Huntington.

Written by *Dr. Garth.*

Hic situs est
Georgius Comes de Huntingdon,
Præclaræ Hastingsorum Prosapia
Natus;
Et Nepte ex Plantagenetorum Stemmata
Oriundus;
Literarum humaniorum Cultor indefessus;
In Aula ornatissimus;
In Acie imperterritus;
Ubique probus.
Tanta fuit ei morum suavitas,
Cum Gravitate Comitas,
Cum Fide Urbanitas;

Haud

for the Month of ~~May~~, 1707.

III

Haud quicquam cæteris commune habuit,
Nisi quod mori potuerit.

Tantus Animi Candor ingenitus

Ut tot numeraverit Amicos,

Quot Familiares.

Procul habuit Mollitiem atque Inertiam,

Turpè existimans,

Queis Dignitate præstitit,

Ab His Virtute superari.

Flagrante per Europam Bello,

Salutis publicæ quam suæ studiosior,

Ad Rem militarem exercendam

Se contulit.

Obsessis

Venloâ, Ruremondâ, Kaiservertâ,

Quæ fortiter, sub Duce Marlburgensi, tentavit

Fœliciter perfecit ;

Quorum tamen oblivionem maluit

Quam Gloriam.

Obiit Kal. Mart. viii. Æræ

Christianæ CIOCCVI.

Ætat. xxvi.

WE shall continue, in our following Mercuries, to incert the *Manu-
scripts* we have in our hands of Mrs. *Behn's*, one after the other.
They are written all by her self, and if any Man suspects our plain Dealing,
the Original Copies, under her own Hand, are to be seen at the Book-
sellers who publishes this Paper. But we believe none will doubt their
being genuine, especially if they are acquainted with Mrs. *Behn's* Manner.
The Poem we now print under her Name has something in it so soft, so
amorous, so pretty, and so perfect, that it shews the Author to have been
both a Poet and a Lover ; both which Mrs. *Behn* was in a high Degree ; few
of her Sex having distinguish'd themselves more by their Wit and Amours
than she has done.

P

CUPID

CUPID in Chains.

By Mrs. A. Behn.

I.

I Saw last Night a pretty Sight,
 Cupid a weeping lay,
 'Till his little Eyes so bright
 Had wept themselves away.

II.

I stept unto him; Boy, said I,
 What causes all this Mourning;
 He wip'd his Face, and then reply'd,
 Amintas still is scorning.

III.

The Youth defies my Pow'r and cries,
 I am a foolish Boy,
 He says I'm blind, and have no Eyes,
 My Deity's a Toy.

IV.

And as last Night I sleeping lay,
 Down by yon Chrystal Spring,
 He came and stole my Bow away,
 And pinion'd too my Wing.

V.

Alas, cry'd I, 'twas then thy Bow
 Wherewith he wounded me,
 I might have thought that such a Blow
 Cou'd come from none but thee.

VI.

*Of late he has with too much Art,
Usurp'd Divinity,
And plays the Tyrant on that Heart
That yields it self to thee.*

VII.

*Yet this I'll for Amintas plead,
Since you must have your due,
Tho he cou'd all the Captives lead,
They're Slaves to none but you.*

VIII.

*But thou at last reveng'd may'st be
Upon th' ambitious Swain,
I'll set thy Wings at Liberty,
And thou shalt fly again.*

IX.

*And for this Service on my part,
I only beg of thee,
That thou woud'st wound Aminta's Heart,
And make him die for me.*

X.

*He promis'd fair, while I unty'd
His Wings, but waking found,
'Twas nothing but a Dream, alas!
My Heart had got the Wound.*

*To a LADY.**Upon seeing Her at the last New Opera.*

MADAM;

YOUR Presence at this tuneful Play
 Brings true Thomyris to my View,
 I see Her All prepar'd to slay,
 I feel Her Rage reviv'd in you.

*The Persian glow'd with meaner Flame,
 His but Ambition, Love is mine,
 An earthly Kingdom was his Aim,
 'Tis you I seek, a Realm Divine.*

*You, Scythian-like, delight in Blood,
 But Scorn's your Instrument of Fate,
 My bleeding Heart makes its own Flood,
 And I expire, because you hate.*

*Her After-Words you need not have,
 My Thirst is all for Beauty's Charms,
 And would you fill me as I crave,
 Oh! you must kill me in your Arms.*

To a Courted Lady.

By Sir T. C.

ONE Lover is enough for you,
 Too many Two, but Three too few;
 For having smil'd on more than one,
 You can in reason frown on none:

This

*This way or that immortalize your Name,
I hate a dull Neutrality of Fame.*

A Hint to Arbitrary Princes.

By the same.

T*Hose Sovereigns who their Courtiers to exalt,
Oppress their Commons, seem no less in fault
Than Landlords who their Tenants hardly treat,
To make their Footmen Fine, and Stewards Great.*

Of Sannazarius the Italian Poet.

The following 6 Lines were written by *Sannazarius*, otherwise call'd *Asi-us Sincerus*, a Celebrated Italian Poet, who flourish'd in the beginning of the *XVth* Century. He wrote a Poem *de partu Virginis*, several *Piscatory Eclogues*, admirable in their Kind, an *Arcadia*, and this Epigram in Praise of *Venice*, for which he was better rewarded than for all his other Productions, having to the Value of 1000 *l.* giv'n him for every Verse. He lies bury'd in a Church at the Foot of *Posilippo*, not far from *Virgil's* Tomb, with this Inscription over him.

*Da sacro Cineri Flores, hic ille Maroni
Sincerus Musâ proximus, ut Tumulo.*

*Let Fragrant Flow'rs his Sacred Dust perfume,
Whose Fame is next to Maro's, like his Tomb.*

His

His EPIGRAM on *Venice*.

Viderat Adriacis Venetam Neptunus in Undis
 Stare Urbem, & toti ponere Jura Mari.
 Nunc mihi Tarpeias quantumvis Jupiter Arces,
 Objice, & illa tui Mœnia Martis ait.
 Si Tiberim Pelago præfers, Urbem aspice utramque,
 Illam Homines dices, hanc posuisse Deos.

In English. By Sir T. C.

Proud Neptune, in the Adriatick saw
 His Venice stand, and give the Ocean Law;
 Now Jove, said he, boast thy Triumphant Powers
 Of thy Old Rome, with its stupendious Towers.
 View justly both, and you'll allow the odds,
 Men Founders were of that, of this the Gods.

 The *Ænigma* in the last Mercury explain'd.

By Mr. S. W.

Your House of Hair and Lady's Hand
 At first did put me to a stand;
 I have it now----'Tis plain enough,
 Your hairy Business is a Muff.
 Your Engine fraught with cooling Gales,
 At once so like to Masts or Sails,
 Your Thing of various Shape and Hue,
 Must be some painted Toy I knew;

And

for the Month of May, 1707.

117

*And for the Rhime, to you're the Man,
What fits it better than a Fan.*

The Author of the Explanation of the last *Enigma*, has sent us another, which he tells us is general, tho it seems to be particular.

Æ N I G M A.

I.

I'm wealthy and poor,
I'm empty and full,
I'm humble and proud,
I'm witty and dull.

II.

I'm foul, and yet fair,
I'm old, and yet young,
I lie with Moll K---t,
And toast Mrs. -----

'Twas some time in the Reign of King Charles II. that Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd, afterwards Knighted, travelling thro' Newbury, heard of the following remarkable Adventure, and was so pleas'd with it, that he Celebrated it in his humorous Poesy. One Shuff of that Town laid a Wager with a Fellow who was a good Footman, that he wou'd eat up a certain Quantity of *Custard*, while that Fellow ran a certain length of Ground, and came back again: The *Custard* was provided; the Wager laid down, and the Man started to the Race. Shuff knowing the Strength of his own *Stomach* better than the Nimbleness of the Fellows *Heels*, at first eat the *Custard* very leisurely; but finding the Man was come back upon him before he was aware of it, he cram'd down the *Custard* so fast, that it choak'd him, and so with the Wager lost his *Life*. On this tragical Occasion, a Courier was immediately dispatch'd to his Majesty's Almoner at Ch---h in Oxf---d, whose Office it was to act as *Coroner* in the *Antient Burrough* of Newbury. The *Doctor* made all the Expedition so weighty an *Affair* requir'd, and upon his Arrival summon'd a Jury of as sage Persons as the *Corporation* cou'd produce, who having examin'd all Witnesses, and maturely weigh'd the most minute Circumstances, found a *Deodand* due to

to the King, of that part of the *Custard* which remain'd uneaten: If any one desires to be further inform'd in this Matter, let him consult the Records of that *Ancient* Burrough, or its living Oracle the *Record--r*.

Shuff of Newbury. A Ballad.

By Sir Fleetwood Shepherd.

To the Tune of *Chevy Chase*.

I.

IN bloody Town of Newbury,
There liv'd and dy'd a Blockhead,
Of whom, I'm sure, you ne're had heard,
If he had not been choaked.

II.

The *Ancient* Burrough call'd him Shuff,
Of State not very thriving,
Since the same thing which made him dye,
Is that which keeps us living.

III.

He *Custard* on a Wager eat,
And so did cram his *Wizand*,
That tho he put it in, he could
Not pluck it out with his Hand.

IV.

Innocent Meat did fatal prove,
Eat ready without Knife,
Down on the Ground he grow'ling fell,
And *Custard* strove with Life.

V.

T
was
who
way
wer
ble,

V.
*But as he saw the Enemy
Was like to stop his Breath,
He manfully gave up the Ghost,
And dying eat his Death.*

VI.
*As Scœvola more Credit got,
'Cause his bold Hand did miss;
So if thou hadst thy Wager won,
Thy Credit had been less.*

VII.
*Where Falls of Empires and of States
Were told in weekly Volume,
Unto the Wonder of the World
Thou gracest the first Column.*

VIII.
*Thy Custard with Serini's Feats,
Do's yield which none can deny,
Unto the Author fam'd the Gain
All England o're, a Penny.*

IX.
*Now Londoners O pray beware,
Eke Alderman and Mayor,
What danger may in Capon prove,
If Custard turn Man-slayer.*

There's something in this Ballad of Sir Fleetwood's own Character, which was rather humorous than witty; but 'tis whimsical enough to divert those who think Laughing one of the greatest Pleasures of Life, and have always a good Disposition to it. We are very well assur'd these Verses were written by him, and hope his way of Writing will appear so visible, that 'twill give our Authority the more Credit.

Liberty Retriev'd.

HOW you oblige me, scornful Fair!
 Such Treatment makes me free as Air,
 Reason at length unseals my Eyes,
 And fond mistaken Passion flies.

Late I was full of wondrous Flame,
 Languish'd, and trembled at your Name,
 But Love for want of Hope expires,
 And Rigour cools whom Beauty fires.

Your melting Notes, and radiant Eyes
 Made my soft Heart a willing Prize,
 I blush'd not to confess my Chain,
 And sung the Triumphs of your Reign.

But cruel Venus has decree'd,
 That Phœbus nor his Race succeed,
 While to a Mars, or Vulcan's Arms
 The Goddess' straight resigns her Charms.

No more I durst my Pen advance,
 Yet still presum'd to court a Glance,
 Hoping you'd view my Look of Care,
 And read my Anguish in my Air.

You saw, 'tis true, but practis'd Hate,
 And seem'd to mark me out for Fate,
 But, Thanks to Heav'n, a Briton born
 Is not so mean to die by Scorn.

At this I muster'd all the Man,
 To just Rebellion fearless ran,
 Flung the proud Tyrant from her Throne,
 And made the captiv'd Fort my own.

Let

for the Month of May, 1707.

cf11

Let giddy Fops employ your Arts,
Contrive to catch their worthless Hearts,
Your Charms can easily deceive,
Their Vanity will soon believe.

But grant, perhaps, they own your Smay,
They give but Glories of a Day,
Beauty's at best a fading Flower,
The Spoil of every barbarous Hour.

And when the Rosy Bloom of Youth
Leaves you, they leave their boasted Truth,
To some new Charmer fine things say,
And swear they cannot court Decay.

I've only lost enchanting Pain,
But you a faithful artless Swain,
That had been true, had you but known
To wear, as well as win, a Crown.

'Tis done---I'll be no longer bound,
Nor let disdainful Woman wound:
Oh, would all Men resolve like me,
No Tyrant should a Conqu'rou be:

I'd set up milder Laws for Love,
And by successful Methods prove,
The Face dependant on the Mind,
And no Nymph charming, but the kind.

Q 2

To

To a LADY.

I.

ALL Thoughts of Freedom are too late,
 Not any new fair Lady's Art,
 Nor both the India's Wealth, nor Fate,
 Nor Fate it self can disengage my Heart.

II.

Not, which kind Heav'n forbid, your Hate,
 Nor that which follows, cold Disdain,
 My Passion cou'd at all abate,
 But only make it last with Pain.

III.

Thus all my Quiet does depend
 On Hopes t' obtain a Smile from you,
 That so my Love which knows no end,
 May last with equal Pleasure too.

And no /ymph charming, but the kind.
 The face dependant on the Mind,
 And by /uccessful /chools prove
 To be up wither I am for Love

Of the New Opera's and Plays.

THE Summer Season is so far advanc'd, that there can be little News expected from the *Theaters*. And had not the *Managers* of the Stage depended very much on the Merit of Mr. *Smith's Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, probably they would not have delay'd acting it till the Town began to grow thin — Whatever was the Cause of it, let others determine. 'Tis certain every Body was disappointed in the *Run* of this *Tragedy*, which was acted but a very few Nights, and that with Intervals: Neither were the Audiences so throng'd as was expected, unless it was on the third Night, when the Author had a very fine Appearance, and had as much giv'n him by his Bookseller for his first *Tragedy*, as Mr. *Dryden* had for his last. The Play is printed, and has been now seen by the Curious, who after the Recommendation and Character that it came abroad with, were afraid for *Euripides* and *Racine*: Notwithstanding which they find their Fears are vanish'd, and *Phædra*, and even Monsieur *Hippolite*, as *Dryden* is pleas'd merrily to stile *Racine's Hippolitus*, maintain their Ground. Indeed there is so much Art and Delicacy in the Conduct of *Racine's Phædra*, such a Mixture of Pity and Terror, Majesty and Beauty in his Sentiments; so much Justness, Sweetness and Elegance in his Expressions, that it would have been surprizing, if we shou'd have found all these Qualities in a young Poets first Play. For the future we shall wish for our own Dramatick Friends, that the Expectation of their Audiences be not too much rais'd, since a Man's Reputation is in risk of losing more after his Play is acted, than he got before by it. As to this *Phædra*; 'tis not our Business to treat of it critically: if the Publick had communicated any such Work to us, we question whether we shou'd have printed it. Because where there's hopes of an Author's deserving well hereafter, 'twere foolish as well as unjust to discourage him now. Besides, Mr. *Smith's* first Performance is by much better than the *Tragedies* of some Famous Writers, whose Plays have been crowded for ten or twelve Nights together.

All that love Comedy will be sorry to hear of the Death of Mr. *Farquhar*, whose two last Plays had something in them that was truly humorous and diverting. 'Tis true the Criticks will not allow any Part of them to be regular; but Mr. *Farquhar* had a Genius for Comedy, of which one may say, that it was rather above Rules than below them. His Conduct, tho not Artful, was surprizing: His Characters, tho not Great, were Just: His Humour, tho low, diverting: His Dialogue, tho loose and incorrect, gay and agreeable; and
 He

his Wit, tho not *super-abundant*, pleasant. In a word, his Plays have in the *toute ensemble*, as the Painters phrase it, a certain Air of *Novelty* and *Mirth*, which pleas'd the Audience every time they were represented: And such as love to laugh at the *Theater*, will probably miss him more than they now imagine.

We are told that Mr. Row will write a Tragedy against the next Winter, and that another eminent Poet who has so often succeeded in Comedy, will do the same. Indeed 'tis necessary those who have serv'd the Stage, shou'd do their utmost to support her; for there's little hopes of her maintaining her self by the Credit and Character of her new Servants. This Difficulty will oblige the Town to think still of Opera's, and we hear the Subscriptions will be continu'd; we shall hereafter mention for whose Benefit.



F I N I S.

The Publisher's Absence in the Country, has occasion'd a few Errata's in the Press.

PAGE 107. l. 18. for *of*, read *and*. p. 108. l. 11. f. *a*, r. *the*. p. 112. l. 27. r. *imperfect*.
p. 117. l. 1. f. *so you're*, r. *I'm sure*. p. 118. l. 1. d. *de* *of*.

